

Saturday Gazette.

Bloomfield and Montclair, N. J.

W. P. LYON, Editor and Proprietor.
CHAS. M. DAVIS, Associate Editor.

OUR PRINCIPAL OFFICE is next door to the Post Office in Bloomfield.

The Saturday Gazette.

BLOOMFIELD AND MONTCLAIR.
BELLEVILLE, CALDWELL AND VERONA.

An independent weekly journal of LITERATURE, EDUCATION, POLITICS, GENERAL NEWS AND LOCAL INTERESTS.

All public and local questions, including political and social, sanitary and reform, literary, educational and industrial topics will be clearly presented and fully and fairly discussed.

It is intended and expected to make it not only readable and interesting to the general reader, but of special value to citizens of the county and of real importance to every resident of Bloomfield, Montclair, Caldwell, Belleville and Verona.

Nothing will be admitted to its columns that is unworthy of cordial welcome to every family circle.

Settled Clergymen in the county and all Public School Teachers in the county will receive the paper gratuitously by sending their address.

To ADVERTISERS it should prove a valuable medium. Our circulation extends to every part of Essex county, and considerably elsewhere.

SUBSCRIPTIONS AND ADVERTISEMENTS will be received and forwarded by the Postmaster, also at our office in Bloomfield, or may be addressed by mail, to Wm. P. Lyon, Editor, and Proprietor, Bloomfield, N. J.

OUR FIRST HUNDRED YEARS.

The First Century of the life of this great and growing Republic has found a fitting historian and eulogist in C. Edwards Lester.

Histories of America have been written, it is true, without number, and will continue to be, at the rate of a dozen a year, probably, through all time to come. And eulogies have been pronounced in Legislative Halls, in the Forum, on the Platform, and on the Stump; by statesmen, by jurists, by divines and by politicians. A few of these histories have been worthy of confidence; their statements and narratives have been fair, and their conclusions just; but even these few are unknown, or are so voluminous and expensive as to be inaccessible to the largest share of our population.

And so with the indiscriminate praises of our country which have abounded in election speeches, Fourth of July Orations, Thanksgiving Sermons, and in the ill-considered compilation histories, got up for children and schools, and for the poor; all of which are apt to mislead and prejudice rather than instruct.

We hail with satisfaction the proposal of the NEW YORK PUBLISHING COMPANY, to publish "a delineation in a panoramic etching the most instructive and significant scenes in the Life of the Republic during its First Hundred Years."

The plan is comprehensive and in the hands of the well-known author, C. EDWARDS LESTER; we hope it will be so faithfully and justly accomplished as to be not only fascinating in style and entertaining in incident, but reliable in all its statements of facts and narratives, thus rendering it a safe and convenient book of reference on this important subject. It will then be a necessary and desirable appendage to every home in the land, and we shall earnestly recommend it to every family.

It is to embrace four periods. *The First*, which is introductory, embraces DISCOVERY AND COLONIZATION (1492-1776) closing with a picture of the 13 Colonies on 4th of July, 1776. *The Second*, that of CONSOLIDATION AND STATESHIP (1776-1815) from Declaration of Independence to close of Second War with England. It will treat in separate sections the important subjects of our progress in Population, Agriculture, Commerce, Manufactures, Public Works, Invention and Discoveries, Education, Religion, Finance, Foreign Relations, Literature, Extension of the Republic, and Biographies of our Great Men. *The Third*, that of DEVELOPMENT. WORK (1815-1848) from Peace of 1815 to the close of the War with Mexico. This period will also be treated in thirteen separate sections, tracing the continued progress of our nation. *The Fourth*, period, that of ACHIEVEMENT, WEALTH, (1848-1876), from Peace with Mexico to the Centennial Celebration in Philadelphia.

The work is to be completed in twelve monthly parts, making a handsome octavo volume of 750 pages, well printed on splendid paper at 50 cents a number.

To CONTRIBUTORS.—We must remind writers, of our necessary rule that all communications for our columns must be accompanied by the names of the writers, which, however, we will not publish against their known wishes. All communications for the GAZETTE should be in our hands a week before they are expected to appear.

We are always thankful for original facts, incidents, anecdotes, etc., which we can use in their proper places in our columns without requiring the contributors to them to write them out in form.

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.—We are able to announce the completion of an arrangement by which, at a heavy cost to us, we shall furnish our readers with a thoughtful and fancy letter every week from New York. We say no more about it at present; the first letter will be found in this issue.

NEW YORK OBSERVER.—Everybody does not read the Observer—the more the pity, for, with the exception of the SATURDAY GAZETTE in Essex County, we know of no weekly paper that can compare with the N. Y. Observer. There is rarely anything in it of indifferent value. Its religious department stands upon the Presbyterian basis, but is fair, liberal and courteous to all denominations. Its literary and secular columns include contributions from some of our ablest writers, and discussions of the important current questions of the day. The Letters of Irenaeus are alone worth many times the subscription.

The Irish Oatmeal is better now than meat, and cheaper. *Boyle & Lyle's* is the best. It is for sale by J. C. Doremus and Son, at P. O. Montclair, also by M. R. Maxwell Montclair, and by E. Wilde, Bloomfield. Be sure to get only *Boyle & Lyle's Oat Meal*.

CORRESPONDENTS WANTED.—We would like to have a local Correspondent in every town in Essex County. Those qualified and disposed will please communicate with us at once. Why not the public school teacher in each neighborhood? Address Wm. P. Lyon, Bloomfield.

DELINQUENT SUBSCRIBERS.—We dare say you are not one of them, kind reader: A's—3 F's—5 M's—13 S's—7 B's—17 G's—3 O's—2 T's—7 C's—5 H's—13 P's—12 W's—6 D's—10 L's—3 R's—7 I's & J's—6 U's & V's—4

We shall be happy to see this list diminish rapidly by our reception of amounts due.

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION.—One of the most important educational questions now beginning to agitate the community is—*What should be the course of study in our Public Schools?* Should it include the higher branches, and especially the higher mathematics and ancient languages? We propose to devote a sufficient space for a full and fair discussion of this subject, and shall be glad to receive well written communications upon it.

HOME MATTERS.

BLOOMFIELD.

WEATHER CHRONICLE.

Range of Thermometer at Bloomfield Centre.

July	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
At 6 A.M.	73°	74°	74°	69°	69°	64°	71°
At 9 P.M.	81°	86°	79°	71°	84°	88°	79°
At 9 P.M.	70°	60°	67°	62°	62°	70°	82°

SIDEWALKS.—The apology for a side walk for a hundred and fifty feet west of the "Trysting Bridge," on Washington Avenue, which had become so dilapidated as to be dangerous for "double-minded" men who are "unsteady in their ways," has been replaced by a new and complete walk of full width, by direction of Mr. E. W. Moss, who also generously footed the bill.

WATERSIDE LAND COMPANY.—The property of this enterprising company consisting of some 80 acres of land with uncompleted improvements, was sold this week at auction. Wesley B. Corby, we understand, was the purchaser.

THE PUBLIC READING ROOM has been closed for the summer.

EUCLEIAN SOCIETY has adjourned over till October.

THE UNION TRACT SOCIETY.—The managers of this Society are about to make a thorough canvass of Bloomfield, with a view to learn if any families are without the Bible, and to supply all such either by sale or donation.

NEW PASTOR.—Rev. Henry W. Ballentine, the pastor elect of the Bloomfield Presbyterian church preached his first sermon in his new parsonage last Sunday, taking for his text the closing verse of Paul's second letter to the Corinthians, and making a very excellent impression upon the minds and hearts of his auditory.

STREET SPRINKLING.—What a comfort Mr. Ludlow's water sprinkler is this hot weather, on the streets radiating from Bloomfield Center! All credit to the liberal men who maintain it, and to the contractor who so well executes it.

A SPIRIT'S COMMUNICATION.

It was the eve of the "Fourth." Only one half hour and the twelve o'clock bells and loud soundings of patriotism would usher in the first hour of our Independence Day. A spirit in the air, I wandered. A breeze carried me to the First Presbyterian Church, Bloomfield, and in one of the stately aisles nearest, I rested.

I knew that the bell which hung above me would not sound that night, for a certain person lay "sick unto death," in the village.

As I meditated upon the "Fourth" long since gone by, I was startled by strange sounds. Some of the brave and patriotic youths of Bloomfield had assembled by some of the stately posts which adorn our Park, not very distant from the Church, and were belaboring their poor, blameless wooden sides with sticks. Well! men have suffered for the "cause," why not posts? And perhaps have not stood their ground so well as the latter!

The youths finally approached the church and paused in front. I had no fear of being discovered, for I am not visible to mortal eyes—so I listened to the sage remarks and pure diction which fell from their lips. I acknowledge that I never heard more English murmured in less time, and I have seen some very good society.

Something mighty was to take place.—A "plucky" thing was to be done. "Let it be," coming up the Green! "Yes,"

it's he!" He put a stick under one of the windows. Other remarks passed.

Several long whistles were given. Two more youths approached from the Lecture Room steps. R.—arriving, he was greeted with "why didn't you hurry!" and coolly replied "oh, I stopped to settle a few posts down there." "Did you put a stick under the window?" "Yes!" "Well, it's nearly twelve, you'd better be at it." "I'll bet it's a plucky thing," and similar expressions were uttered by others.

They leave the Church steps and walk to the first window at the right hand side.—Here two of the young men (they must have been very youthful) clamber up to raise the window, push open the blinds, and disappear in the darkness within, leaving the others to keep watch outside, or walk some of the street a year, to renew their vocation of belaboring the sides of whatever miserable posts came in their way. I floated to the Belfry window and rested on the ledge outside. After a while I heard a noise, as of some one trying to force the door of the Belfry. There were many vain attempts.

The door fastenings remained steadfast, and maintained their faith and character better than many Christians do. Finally, all was silent. I heard the window reclosed at the side of the Church and I fell nearly asleep in trying to divine the meaning of this strange midnight convulsion.

The Earthly Church is an emblem of the Heavenly. I trust the youths who came as thieves in the night, here, will not make the same attempt in regard to the Heavenly Church, for they will find the spiritual windows not so easily opened and certainly be ushered into a deeper darkness than they were on the eve of the "Fourth."

I concluded the youths had desired merely to have the pleasure of ringing the bell that night, sexton and people willing or unwilling, but I would have proposed a simpler method of gaining their end.

If they wish to know how, another time, let them inquire of A SPIRIT.

MONTCLAIR.

MONTCLAIR POST OFFICE.

MAILS CLOSE.—7 A. M.; 3 P. M.
MAILS ARRIVE.—9 A. M.; 3 P. M.
FOREIGN MAILS CLOSE at 3 P. M.
Letters Registered for any Post Office in the United States, and foreign Countries.
Money Orders issued at this office.
Stamp—D.velopes, News, Wrapping and Postal Cards for sale. J. C. DOREMUS, P. M.

TOWN COUNCIL.—MONTCLAIR.—At the regular meeting on Wednesday evening, nothing of public importance was done. A number of monthly bills were presented, duly audited and ordered paid.

FULLERTON AVENUE.—The extension appears in no hurry to "drag its slow length along." Two or three men and a cart or two seem to be nursing a job for the coming twelve months, that might just as well be done in a few weeks.

INFLUX OF STRANGERS.—Many houses that had been unoccupied are now giving forth signs of life and occupancy. May their numbers increase! All are welcome! Happy is the family that has its domicile here!

STREET SPRINKLER.—Very sorry that our admirable panacea for avenue dust and heat has so soon spent its force. If we knew the names of the parties to the arrangement, we should be apt to pay them a compliment and ask them a question.—Galatian, V, 7th.

We would call attention to the advertisement in our columns to-day of a new first class Sewing machine, at a greatly reduced price, for the benefit of the Montclair Library Association.

SABBATH DESECRATION.

FEAST OF ST. PETER AND ST. PAUL.

MONTCLAIR, June 29, 1874.

DEAR MR. EDITOR: Is there no arm of the law for Montclair to put a stop to the open "profanation of the Lord's day?" Beer shops open all day, and all the evening, Sunday after Sunday. In my own immediate neighborhood it would seem as though every third or fourth house is a tipping-shop. The violation of Sunday is open and flagrant.

On the other hand, the stillness of Newark on the holy day is something admirable.

These people do not fear God, and are suffered to go on with impudent impunity. Is there nothing to be done but submit? Is this my reward for lending a hand to a moderate and reasonable temperance movement?

Yours, very truly,

TITUS JOSLIN.

HYDROPHOBIA.

Doctor J. W. Pinkham of Montclair, has, in a letter to the New York Times, made a valuable contribution to the hydrophobic literature of the day. His article was the out of his personal observation and experience in two distinct cases of this malady which terminated fatally in Montclair, and the Doctor will receive the thanks of the community for his intelligent diagnosis of the disease, and his clear statement of the cases which came under his treatment, as well as for the practical conclusions which he reached. We give the last paragraphs of his letter.

"These cases are instructive, inasmuch as they establish the fact that hydrophobia in the dog may exist with symptoms so slightly pronounced as to escape the notice of a casual observer—and also as they show the importance of using care in disposing of dogs whose symptoms excite suspicion."

"Since witnessing these two cases, I have always deemed it important to mark the distance between my hands and the nose of any approaching dog as great as possible, especially as I have observed that nearly all of those who have died of hydrophobia have been bitten on the hands."

"In passing through clothing, the teeth usually are deprived of the saliva that covers them and the bite in this way becomes harmless."

MONTCLAIR, N. J., July 4, 1874.

For the Saturday Gazette.

BELLEVILLE.

MR. LYON: As you have, with your usual liberality, given a portion of the space in your live paper for the discussion of Belleville affairs, it seems to me that the residents of this town should adopt some more energetic measures to secure increased circulation of the GAZETTE among the people here. I do not think Bellevillians are aware of the benefits that have accrued to Bloomfield, Montclair and other places in this vicinity since the advent of your reliable and ably-conducted sheet, or a more determined effort would be made to place it in the hands of the residents of this town. It must certainly prove an interesting medium of communication between Bloomfield, Montclair and Belleville, as it is both desirable and profitable for the inhabitants of each of the places mentioned to know what is transpiring in towns adjacent to their own.

Town affairs still continue in a worse muddle (if that were possible) than heretofore. The council bob about from Temperance Hall to the Mansion House, the last place selected being the Hall, which, all things considered, is perhaps the best place for this body of young men to hold their meetings in, as here they will be free from the temptations that might assail them at the Hotel while laboring under the heavy pressure of business which the care of this immense city has thrown into their inexperienced hands. The appointment of another Assessor was rather a foolish move on their part, the old incumbent has taken no notice of their action but has proceeded to finish his work regardless of any new appointments.

It is the general opinion now among the people that the city charter is null and void, some of the originators of the scheme themselves confessing that it is a mere farce, but thinking it is better to sustain it if possible a little longer to prevent the village from being annexed to Newark, though why this should follow is difficult to see. Because a form of government was forced upon the people that did not suit their ideas of what was essential to the interests of the place is no reason why upon its overthrow another movement should be made that is equally distasteful to a great number.

What is required to place Belleville in its proper position is an act that shall provide for the differently situated portions of the township which is best suited to their particular wants; if the village proper want to lay paved streets and flagged-side walks let the act (whatever it may be) provide for the payment of the same, and not require the outlying portion of the town to contribute in the shape of an incidental tax or any other form, for that which cannot possibly benefit themselves, as has been the case heretofore. The Montgomery election district bill was drawn up to avoid this imposition and exactly and perfectly met the requirements of the people in that locality. It is a small sum is needed for general expenses in which all share alike, let it be raised under a proper head and not an indefinite one that can be applied to any purpose that suits the one-sided ideas of would-be managers.

It is a fact that no one can deny that the outlying portions of Belleville have been shamefully neglected for a number of years past; the roads are a crying disgrace to the people who have allowed themselves to be so imposed upon, and the blame rests upon those who have been in authority who would not take all into consideration. At last the people have waked up and have fully determined to pay no road taxes unless they can have, not a portion, but the full benefit of all moneys raised for such purpose, and there is not a shadow of doubt that a refusal to be taxed under conditions such as have existed in parts of Belleville would be sustained by the authorities that would be called upon to decide upon such an issue. Taxation without benefits is just as much an act of tyranny as was taxation without representation in the days of Seventy-six. As long as the inhabitants of this place are foolish enough to submit to imposition just so long will it be practiced at their expense. The people have been hoodwinked heretofore, and this fraud of a Charter is ten times worse than anything we have yet had.

Want a fire department and a water supply, and a lamp district, and a pile of money, to re-survey the village, do you? And the Council loath with issue their mandate that the necessary funds will be forthcoming from all the taxable property in the city, regardless of the fact that a very great portion of that taxable property is miles away from the scene of improvement.

There is only one conclusion to arrive at in looking at this method of doing business. Either the managers think the people are fools, or they are fools themselves. How much longer, taxpayers of Belleville, will you submit to be managed and directed and your pockets relieved of their surplus cash to go in furtherance of misdirected schemes of improvement? Let us at an early day call a meeting and decide upon a form of government that will give satisfaction to all the sensible portion of the community and endeavor by placing those in authority whom we can respect to redeem Belleville from the slough in which she has fallen, that we may be respected again by our neighbors and make some advance toward a position that will compare favorably with our sister towns and villages in this vicinity.

FAIR PLAY.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

MARSEILLES, FRANCE, June 14, 1874.

MY DEAR MR. LYON: Owing to the kindness of Mr. F. W. Potter of Newark, the American Consul, we have been able to enjoy the sight-seeing of Marseilles with

unusual interest, for there is nothing like having a resident to show off a place. Take for example Montclair or Bloomfield, (please excuse M. being first as it is my duty to be loyal, as you can well appreciate). How would a stranger like to have an Orangiste to conduct him about? Do you think he would enjoy his visit as much, or get as true and valuable information of the above named places, as if a citizen who wished to do credit to his home, (and I had properly to sell,) should volunteer to act as his courier? *Pas du tout*, as the Frenchman would say. The gentlemen from Orange would point out our most beautiful drives and streets, but having an eye to business, would just drop the remark, that Orange possesses something far superior. Or if it were a paid guide he would commence, Bloomfield has 6,000 inhabitants, the town are generally very industrious, the people produce divers things, the fine street called Bloomfield Avenue is the principal street of the town, which we will now visit, and so on.

On entering Marseilles one is struck by the wide streets, lined on both sides by beautiful buildings; the people and the general air of things gives to a stranger, especially an American, a very favorable idea of the city. Everything is activity; you see men walking as if they had some object in doing so, and great trucks fill the streets, drawn by horses that can only find their rivals in Liverpool; the whole city has an air of business. Marseilles is the third city of France in size, and the second most important port; its business with the United States is very large, and would be much more extensive if there was a direct line of steamers connecting it with New York. Those familiar with the shipping here say that it would be one of the most important, as well as one of the best paying lines that cross the Atlantic; but to make it pay it is necessary to have no second-rate affairs; the steamers should be fast and fitted up for cabin passengers. The voyage can be made in 11 days, and what man who was going to spend the winter with his family in Italy or at Nice, would not prefer to cross to Marseilles instead of Liverpool, saving the dreaded voyage across the channel, and the long trip down to Italy.

Of course he can go to Havre, but then he only saves the channel, and as matters stand now, is likely to be wrecked, or at least be compelled to change his quarters before the voyage is over. This matter of passengers is really only a second consideration, as the present amount of freight sent to America would almost support such a line.

Then the large quantity of silk goods from Lyons, which is no small item, would naturally take this port in preference to Havre, as will be seen by looking at your map. Emigration would also be another item of some importance.

These taken together with the numerous little enterprises which would spring up from the establishment of such a line would more surely make it profitable, as Americans who have money to invest and wish to make a fortune on a sure basis, first invest in Montclair and Bloomfield real estate, and then join hands with the citizens of Marseilles in starting such a steamship line. The exports to the United States from this port are mostly wines and olive oil, the great industry of the place; the imports are a little of everything, but principally petroleum.

Marseilles is well laid out, and possesses many fine streets and promenades, of which the citizens are inclined to be very proud, and especially of the *Cannobiere*, the swell quarter of the city.A Parisian one day talking to a friend from this place, made some remark as if comparing their respective cities. The man of Marseilles, thinking that something had been said in detriment to his native town, burst out with, "My dear sir, if Paris had a *Cannobiere* it might be a *petite Marseilles*." This *Cannobiere*, of which the people are so proud, is really a beautiful street, wide and straight as an arrow, with some of the most beautiful buildings on either side, a fit emblem of a city's wealth.

It is enough to turn the head of any people, and make them proud and conceited.

In doing the sight-seeing of the town, our volunteer courier pointed out to us many little interesting things that would have escaped our notice if we had piloted our own canoe. As for instance, in one of the squares a statue of Napoleon I, which the communists had plastered over so as to make it like a block of stone, beyond all recognition.

It remains in that state to this day, and is one of the few relics of the Commune still visible, although they did enough harm to the city.

Among the things to be noticed here is the shockingly bad French spoken. So bad is it that it might almost be another language. But as it is, a Parisian is not able to understand it, (that is, the pure Marseilles brogue).

Yours sincerely,

A. D. W.

For the Saturday Gazette.

SURPRISE PARTIES.

BY MAUD MARSH.

Just around the corner the first one to the right of us, lives an active bustling little body, Mrs. Reay. Just one of those of whom it may be said, the church is fortunate to name her among its members. No matter whether it's a wedding, fair, or missionary box, she is ever ready, not only to do, but take the lead in the enterprise. It was a beautiful May morning, I was training my unambitious rose vine.

Somewhere they would tend earthward; the trellis was there, and they had nothing to do but avail themselves of its support, but they needed a guiding hand. I was moralizing a little upon this tendency even in nature, when Mrs. Reay stepped upon the porch, before unperceived, and surprised me with her "Good morning, I'm so glad to find you right off, for I'm in a great hurry, have lots of calls to make, and this is my teeth."

Another festival I asked, "Oh no, but a surprise party. I want you and Mr. Manning to come, you may bring cake; the entertainment will be simple, only cake and coffee." May I ask where the party is

to be? At Mr. Evans next Thursday. Mrs. Evans has been away some time and it is proposed the evening she comes home, that her neighbors and friends go in about eight o'clock and take her wholly by surprise. I am obliged to you, but I must be excused. To be frank with you, I do not approve of those kind of parties and in the next place I have not even a speaking acquaintance with Mrs. Evans. "That doesn't make a bit of difference; three of those asking this morning don't know her either, but they will go; but as for not liking surprise parties, how under the sun can you object to them, the easiest, best and I think they are the most enjoyable parties in the world. Every thing in this case is arranged so nice, Mr. Evans won't know a word about it either. Now if all should say no, we wouldn't have a party of course. Why would you come too?" You are in haste you say, and I'm afraid you have not time to listen to all my objections. Therewith she sat down upon the step, saying, "I'll listen if it takes an hour, for what a body can stand to object to, in such a harmless thing as this I can't see." In the first place, I replied, you have invited me to meet a lady whom I have not the least acquaintance with; if she were going to give a party I know she would not invite me to attend, hence I cannot upon the invitation of another, make myself a guest at Mrs. Evans's house.

Next, you say "you may bring cake." I should feel insulted to have a number of people come to my house with their baskets on their arms filled with things to eat. My friends, I prefer, should partake of my hospitality, I feel this partaking of bread together, means something; it is symbolic of friendship, and those who do this in each other's houses should consider themselves pledged to friendship just as firmly as if an oath of fidelity had been taken to one another. And I shall bring up my children to feel so too.

Why I was quite disgusted some months since when calling at a neighbor's, to have a printed invitation shown me to a surprise party, and on a slip of paper was written, "My son John met me upon my return with a duplicate invitation. A slip of paper said 'Almonde.' Would you like to go? I asked, he replied quite indignantly, 'Every body is asked from Dan to Beersheba; if it's the almonde they want, I'll send them.'"

I don't think I should like any more acquaintances to come into my house and use it as if it were their own, going all over when I had been absent a number of weeks. I was once visiting a friend and we had been away during the day and did not return till early in the evening. It happened to be her birthday. Upon my return, by whom should we be met but by all her brothers and sisters with their children, and supper was awaiting us, prepared by the self invited guests. But they were all brothers and sisters you see, and that altered the tone of the thing.

Such surprise I believe in, but such an one as you are getting up you must excuse me from. "Well" said she, "you are an old woman and have almost discouraged me, but the thing is started and I can't go back upon it even if I wanted to."

"I'll come and tell you all about it when it's over." So saying "good morning," she wended her way.

For the Saturday Gazette.

N. Y. BUREAU OF CORRESPONDENCE,
July 8th, 1874.
THE S. P. C. A. ON THE DOG SCARE.

New York would not be itself without an excitement of some kind. During the winter it was Wagner and now it is hydrophobia. Of course the newspapers are greatly to blame for the present excitement for they let no opportunity slip for adding fuel to the flame. Mad dog is the cry in everybody's mouth and woe betide the defenceless cur caught prowling through the streets. It is needless to say that all this excitement is utterly foolish for investigation proves that there has not been one case of hydrophobia in this city this year, although the papers report half a dozen or more mad dogs killed in a day. In order to get at the truth of this matter we visited Mr. Bergh's headquarters the other afternoon. There we were informed by the Surgeon employed by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals that the very symptoms cited as proofs of hydrophobia are really proofs against the existence of that disease. He says that a mad dog runs in a straight line and slouches along with head down and tail between its legs as though it had been whipped and that it froths very slightly at the mouth. The dogs that are called mad, and are shot by valiant policemen, simply are suffering from fits; they run around in a circle frothing profusely at the mouth, and snap at any one who interferes with them. If they happen to bite a man he straightway thinks that he has hydrophobia and dies, if he does die, a victim to his imagination.

Owing to the excitement on this subject now existing the dog pound nuisance is at its height and the cruelties practiced at that place are enough to make bloodless tender hearts than that of Mr. Bergh. Of the dogs supposed to be snatched by car-bolic gas there are dozens that are not half killed and that have to be finished by a knock on the head. The S. P. C. A., we were told, wanted to establish a dog hospital in this city similar to the one in Philadelphia and would have borne all the expense themselves if they could have given the land for the purpose. The authorities probably not seeing any political gain to be made by the donation policy declined. Then Mr. Bergh proposed that covered carts be sent out every morning between three and six o'clock and all the dogs found running the streets should be picked up and taken to the pound, as it was natural to suppose that none but our selves creatures would be about at that time. But even this proposition met with disaster and all the hours of the day and night men and boys may be seen running down luckless dogs. The dogs killed by the S. P. C. A. are poisoned by a condensed form of prussic acid which causes death in less than two minutes.

ANOTHER EXCITEMENT PRESENTED.

The superintendent of the S. P. C. A. says that while people are growing excited

over a false alarm of hydrophobia they are neglecting to notice the equally fatal disease of glanders among the horses. This glandular disease is just now unusually prevalent just now and that a large number of cases are brought daily to his notice. "There is more cause for alarm about the glanders," said he to your correspondent, "than about hydrophobia, for if you see a mad dog coming you get out of his way without loss of time but you have no warning of glanders. The finest looking horse may have this disease without your knowing it and if you happen to pass one on the street and it sneezes and you breathe a drop of the vapor or get a particle of it into the lightest cut on your hand or face there is no hope for you." It is the superintendent's prediction that the glanders will follow hydrophobia as a local excitement and that it will occasion more well founded alarm.

A CITY OF WIDOWERS.

One of our city papers had a heart-rending editorial the other day on the subject of "Summer Widowers." It was written not without tears, and we doubt not, tearfully read by many brothers in bereavement—widowers whose wives had not altogether departed this life, but had "gone to the watering place." We know of some of these unfortunate. There is a vacant and restless look in their eyes not easily mistaken. And we have heard their confessions of discomfort, indignation, loneliness and despair. We know of only one philosopher in the whole melancholy company—though his content is due, we are prone to believe, to the fact that the wife did not carry all the family away with her. The single child left at home is the one tie that binds the man to the world of hope and action. For the child the adventurous voyage to the early market is undertaken; for him the dinner is made ready in season, and all the household ways are regularly ordered. For him the place of innocent amusement is frequented. Life still has a purpose and a meaning. Blessed is the Summer widower with a single child!

A SUCCESSFUL ARTIST.

Mr. Thomas Moran, who lives in this vicinity, has recently sold his last big picture the "Chasm of the Colorado," to the government for \$10,000. This picture is the companion to his "Canon of the Yellowstone," and both pictures will be hung in this country, either for periodicals or books. But his fame as a painter is constantly extending, and in certain qualities, his friends claim that he stands unrivaled among our artists.

MID SUMMER AMUSEMENT.

The only two theatres now open in this city are the Union Square and Niblo's. Wallace's, which is usually run by its treasurer, Mr. Theodore Moss during the summer, is closed and deserted, and the Union Square has the field to itself. A very amusing play called "Peril, or love at Long Branch," written by a Mr. Bartley Campbell, a son of the boards of this theatre at present, but will soon be withdrawn and then the place of amusement will be closed also. Mr. Palmer, the manager of the Union Square, is not responsible for "Peril" having sub let the theatre to the present troupe, so his skirts are cleared. Robertson's play of "Caste" was to have been the Summer attraction at this theatre, but Mr. Wallace's claim to that play was very strong that it could not be brought out there. As the theatre had been leased it had to be used so the lease in sheer desperation seized upon the first thing that turned up, and that was Mr. Campbell's "Peril" which has been running with more or less success for the past few weeks.

Miss Clara Morris has been secured by manager Palmer for the Union Square Theatre, and New York play goers are congratulating themselves upon the return of their favorite. Miss Morris will appear in "The Sphinx" which play it is anticipated will have a run of even greater length than had "Led Astray." There